



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, & C.

VOL. XIII.—[IV. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1837.

NO. 13.

SELECT TALES.

You can't Marry your Grandmother.

BY T. HAYNES BAILEY, ESQ.

THE most wretched of children is the spoiled child—the pet who is under no subjection, and who gets all the trash for which his little mouth waters. 'Tis he who bumps his head, in the act of going somewhere he was forbidden to approach; and 'tis he whose little stomach aches considerably in consequence of eating too many sweet things, coaxed out of the cupboard of a fond but injudicious mother.

Spoil the boy, and what are we to expect of the man? Will the dog be well-behaved, which was let to go his own way when a puppy? Will the steed be steady in harness, if, when a colt, no care was taken of it? The spoiled boy inevitably becomes the wilful man, and with the wilfulness comes discontent. Unfortunately, those who have always been accustomed to find others yield to them, and to have their own way, become habitually selfish, and utterly regardless of the feelings and wishes of those about them. Self-gratification is naturally the first wish of the child; but it is the fault of the parents, if, by injudicious indulgence, the man is led to anticipate that, as everybody yielded to him in boyhood, everybody must yield in after life.

Frederick Fairleigh was the spoiled child of his family, the youngest of three children, and the only boy. He was the pet of both father and mother, and being lively, intelligent, and good-looking, he soon became a favorite. Spoiled in infancy, he was unmanageable in boyhood, and wilful, and self-sufficient in the early days of maturity.—Master Frederick having been used to his own way, it was not likely that Mr. Frederick would voluntarily relinquish so agreeable a privilege. At college, therefore, he continued and matured the habit of idleness, which had been censured, but never sufficiently corrected at school.

As for study, he never got further than 'stud,' and was much more frequently seen

in a scarlet hunting-coat, than in his sombre academic costume. The idle man at Oxford, during term time, is not likely to do much good at home during the vacation—Frederick Fairleigh did none. Ere he ceased to be in years a boy, he became what is termed a 'lady's man,' flirting with all the pretty girls he met, and encouraged to flirt by many a married dame old enough to be his mother. Petted and spoiled by everybody, Frederick became the especial favorite of his grandfather, Sir Peter Fairleigh, and spent much more of his time at Oakly Park than at his father's house.

Before young Fairleigh was one-and-twenty his father died, and being then the immediate heir to Sir Peter's baronetcy and estates, he naturally became a greater favorite than ever. One precept the old gentleman was perpetually preaching to his grandson: he advocated an early marriage, and the more evidently the youth fluttered, butterfly fashion, from flower to flower, enjoying the present without a thought of the future, the more strenuously did old Sir Peter urge the point.

The spoiled child had no notion of relinquishing old privileges, he still had his own way, still flirted with all the pretty girls in the neighborhood, and thinking only of himself, and the enjoyment of the moment, never dreamt of the pain he might inflict on some, who viewing his attentions in a serious light, might keenly suffer in secret when they saw those attentions transferred to another.

He was five-and-twenty when he first met Maria Denman, the richest heiress and the prettiest girl of the country; and when the old Baronet saw the handsome pair rambling together all the morning, and sitting together in corners at night, he secretly exulted in the probable realization of one of his fondest hopes—the union of his pet grandson with his favorite, Maria. There could be no misunderstanding his attentions; there was indeed a tacit understanding between the young couple: but Frederick Fairleigh certainly never had in so many words distinctly said, 'Maria, will you marry me?' Months flew away, two years had already elapsed, and though Frederick certainly seemed attached

to Maria, yet, when other people came in his way, he still flirted in a manner not quite justifiable in one who had a serious attachment, nay almost an engagement elsewhere.

Poor Sir Peter did not manage matters well; indeed, with the best intentions in the world, he made them worse. It was not likely that one who had never been accustomed to opposition should all at once obey the dictation of a grandfather. Opposition to the match would immediately have brought matters to the desired point—for Frederick, though not quite aware of it himself, devotedly loved the fair Maria. But she, like the rest of the world, had assisted to spoil him; she had been too accessible, too easily won; and really loving him who had paid her such marked attention, Frederick had never seen a look or a word bestowed upon another which could give him the slightest uneasiness. A pang of jealousy would probably have at once opened his eyes to the state of his own heart. But always kindly received by Maria, and always happy in her society, the spoiled child saw in her kindness, and in her smiles, nothing beyond the voluntary and unsolicited preference which he had been but too well accustomed to receive from others. He was, therefore, never driven to doubt, or by solitude to pause and scrutinize the state of his own heart.

Instead of offering feigned opposition to the match, however, Sir Peter openly opposed the line of conduct pursued by his volatile heir, and, by continually harping on the subject, he at last really made the wilful young man believe that, of all disagreeable things in the world, a marriage with a woman who was really dearest to him of all beings on earth, would be the very worst.

'My dear sir,' he cried one morning at breakfast, after hearing a long lecture on the subject, 'how you do tease me about Miss Denman!'

'Tease you, Fred,' said Sir Peter, 'tease you! for shame: I am urging you to secure your own happiness.'

'Surely, sir,' he replied, 'there is plenty of time—I am still very young.'

'Young Sir!—you are a boy, Sir; a boy in judgment and discretion, a very child, Sir, and what's worse, a spoiled child.'

'Well,' said Frederick, laughing, 'don't be angry; if I am a spoiled child the fault is not mine.'

'Yes, it is Fred—I say it is, things that are really good of their kind are not so easily spoiled.'

'Indeed!' said Frederick, with a look of innocent surprise, and taking up Sir Peter's gold watch, which lay upon the table, he opened it, and pretended to poke about the wheels.

'I see what you mean, you satirical monkey,' cried Sir Peter, laughing; 'give me my watch, Sir, and let me now tell you that where there is real good sense and stability, the man will very soon learn to get rid of the selfishness—yes, Fred, I am sorry to repeat it, selfishness was my word—the selfishness and self-importance, resulting from over-indulgence in childhood.'

'I wonder then any one should care about a selfish, consequential fellow like myself,' said Frederick.

'You mean to insinuate that you have been and are a general favorite, popular with everybody, and well received wherever you go? I grant it, my dear boy, I grant it—and I should be the last person to say that I wonder at it; but then you have got into one or two scrapes lately.'

'How do you mean?' said his grandson; 'when and where?'

'Why, for instance, the Simmonses, with whom you were so intimate; did not Mr. Simmons ask you rather an awkward question the last time you were there?'

'He asked me my intentions,' said Frederick, 'my views with respect to his eldest daughter, Caroline—he inquired, in fact if I was serious.'

'A puzzler that, hey, Fred?' chuckled the baronet, who was not sorry the occurrence had happened.

'It was awkward, certainly,' said the youth, 'but how could I help it?' They invariably encouraged me to go to the house, and I positively never was more attentive to one daughter than to another.'

'Possibly not; but depend on it where there are unmarried daughters in a family, fathers and mothers never receive the constant visits of a young man without calculating probabilities, and looking to consequences. However, for Susan Simmons, I care not three straws; I am only anxious that a similar occurrence should not deprive you of Miss Denman's society.'

'That is a very different affair, Sir,' said Frederick; 'surely you would not compare Susan Simmons with Maria?'

'Ah!' said the old man, 'that delights me,

now you are coming to the point, the other was a mere flirtation—all your former fancies have been mere flirtations, but with Maria, (as you say,) it is different; you really love her, she is the woman you select for a wife.'

'I did not say any such thing; I have not thought of marriage, I am too young, too unsteady, if you will.'

'Unsteady enough, I admit,' said Sir Peter, shrugging his shoulders, 'but by no means too young; besides your father being dead, and your mother having made a second marriage, your home as a married man will be so desirable for your sisters.'

'I wonder you never married again, Sir,' said Frederick.

'You would not wonder,' said Sir Peter feelingly, 'had you witnessed my happiness with the woman I loved; never tell me that taking a second wife is complimentary to the first. It is a tacit eulogium on the marriage state I grant you: but I consider it anything rather than a compliment to the individual in whose place you put a successor. They who have loved and who have been beloved like myself, cannot imagine the possibility of meeting with similar happiness in a second union. Plead the passions if you will as an apology for second marriage, but never talk of the affections; at least never name the last and the happiness which you enjoyed in her society, as a reason why you lead a second bride by the tombstone of your first and vow at the altar to love and to cherish her.'

'Why, my dear Sir, can there be any harm in a man's marrying a second wife?'

'Not a bit of it; I am speaking of it as a matter of feeling, not of duty; in fact, I only give you my own individual feelings, without a notion of censuring others. But were I about to marry, Maria Denman is the woman I should choose.'

'I wish you would then, my dear Sir,' said Frederick, carelessly, 'for then I might enjoy her society without the dread of being talked into marriage.' With these words he left the room, and Sir Peter cogitated most uncomfortably over the unsatisfactory result of the conversation.

The next day Frederick Fairleigh was off to some races which were held in the neighborhood, and as if to show a laudable spirit, and to prove that he was master of his own actions, he avoided Maria Denman as much as possible, and flirted with a new acquaintance—the beautiful widow of an officer.

Sir Peter was in despair; Maria who was an orphan, and had been entrusted to his guardianship, was on a visit to Oakly Park, and in her pensive countenance and abstracted manner, he plainly saw that his ward was really attached to Frederick, and was hurt and distressed at his extraordinary conduct.

'I wish our Frederick would come home,' said Sir Peter, who had been watching his ward, while she diligently finished a cat's left whisker in a worsted work-stool which was fixed in her embroidery frame.

'Our Frederick!' said Maria, staring.

'Yes, my dear, our Frederick; did you not know he was in love with you?'

'I hope I am not apt to fancy young men are in love with me, Sir Peter, and certainly Mr. Fairleigh has never given me any reason to—'

'Stop, stop, no fibs,' said the Baronet.

'He has never told me that a——' Maria hesitated.

'He has never formally proposed for you, is that what you mean to say?'

'Decidedly.'

'And never will, if we don't make him; but do you mean to say that he has never given you reason to suppose that he loved you?'

'Pray, my dear guardian,' said Maria, evading a direct reply, 'look at your grandson; you must be aware that his attentions are lavished indiscriminately on every young lady he gets acquainted with. Words and looks that might be seriously interpreted with others, evidently mean nothing with him.—He—he gives it out that he is not a marrying man.'

'Not a marrying man! how I hate that phrase! No man's a marrying man till he meets with the woman he really wishes to marry. And if men are not marrying men, I'd be glad to know what they are?—a pack of reprobate rogues! As to Frederick I'm determined—'

'Pray make no rash resolves respecting your grandson, Sir Peter—especially in any matter in which you may think I am concerned.'

'I tell you what, Maria, I know you love him,' said Sir Peter. 'I see his attentions have won your heart. You have been, and are, quite right to endeavor to hide your feelings, but it is all in vain; I see as plain as possible that you are dying for the ungrateful, foolish, abominable fellow.'

'Oh Sir,' cried Maria, rising in confusion, but she again sank into her chair, and covering her face with her hands, burst into tears.

'Do not think me cruel and unkind, Maria,' said the old gentleman, seating himself by her side and taking her hand; 'you are very dear to me, you and my grandson are the two beings on earth who engross my affections; and believe me Frederick devotedly loves you.'

Maria shook her head, and continued weeping.

Many weeks had elapsed, and young Fairleigh was still absent from Oakly Park.—Maria had, however, resumed her cheerful-

ness, and Sir Peter seemed less annoyed than might have been expected at his grandson's evident determination not to follow his advice. To account for this change we must state, that Sir Peter having accidentally been obliged to search for some book in Frederick's apartment had discovered several matters that convinced him of his attachment to his ward, and those presumptive proofs having been made known to Maria, she had made a full confession of the state of her heart. A print, which when exhibited in a portfolio in the drawing-room had been pronounced a perfect resemblance of the then absent Maria, had been secretly taken from the portfolio, and was now discovered in Frederick's room. By its side was a withered nosegay, which Maria recognized as one that she had gathered and given to him; and in the same place was found a copy of verses addressed 'to Maria,' and breathing forth a lover's fondest vows.

All this amounted to nothing as proofs that Frederick Fairleigh was in duty bound to marry the said Maria Denman. In a court of Justice no jury would have adjudged damages, in a suit for breach of promise of marriage, on such trivial grounds as these; but they served to show Maria that he who had thus treasured up her resemblance could not be altogether indifferent to her, and she at last felt relieved from the humiliating idea that she loved one who had never for a moment thought seriously about her.

Sir Peter and his ward were now often closeted together, and one day after an unusually long discussion, she said,

'Well, Sir Peter, I can say no more; I consent.'

'There's a dear good girl!' cried the old man affectionately kissing her 'and now we'll be happy in spite of him. But now for my plans. It will never do to stay here at Oakly Park with all these servants to wonder and chatter; no, no. To-morrow you and I, and your maid and my confidential man, will go to Bognor, the quietest place in the world, and we'll have nice lodgings near the sea, and I'll write to that miserable boy to come and meet us.'

Maria looked rather grave, but Sir Peter, chuckling with delight, gave her another kiss, and then went to expedite their departure, and to write a letter to his grandson.

Fairleigh, who now began to get very tired of the fascinating widow, was yawning over a late breakfast when his grandfather's letter was laid before him.

'Ah,' thought he, 'more good advice I suppose, urging me to marry. One thing at all events I'm resolved on, never to marry a widow; if people would but let me alone, really Maria after all is—but what says the Baronet?'

MY DEAR GRANDSON,

Finding that all my good advice has been thrown away, and at length perceiving that you never intend to invite me to your wedding, I now write to announce my own, and request you with all speed to hasten to Bognor, where we are established at Beach Cottage, and where nothing but your presence is wanting to complete the happiness of your affectionate grandfather,

PETER FAIRLEIGH.

'Astonishing! of all men in the wide world the very last!' Well, there was no use in wondering; Frederick hastily packed up, and was very shortly on his way to Bognor to pay his respects to the new married couple. On inquiring for 'Beach Cottage,' he was directed to a picturesque abode, the very bean ideal of a house to 'honey moon' in; and he was immediately ushered into the presence of the Baronet, who was sitting alone in a charming apartment which looked upon the sea.

The meeting occasioned some little awkwardness on both sides, and it was a relief to Frederick when Sir Peter rose to leave the room, saying, 'there is a lady who will expect to be made acquainted with you.'

'Yes, Sir,' said Frederick, 'pray permit me to pay my respects—to—to ask her blessing; pray, Sir, present me to—my grandmother.'

Sir Peter left the room, and Frederick half inclined to view the marriage in a ridiculous light, sat wondering what sort of an old body could have been fool enough to enter the married state so late in life. He heard a footstep slowly approach, (rather decrepit, thought he;) a hand touched the lock of the door: it opened; and Maria stood before him clothed in white.

She advanced towards him with a smile, held out her hand, and welcomed him to Beach Cottage.

'Good Heaven!' cried Frederick, sinking on the sofa, and turning as pale as a sheet, 'is it possible! I—I deserve this—fool, idiot, madman that I have been; but oh! Maria, how could you consent to such a sacrifice? You must have known, you must have seen my attachment. Yet, no, no, I have no right to complain, I alone have been to blame!'

Sir Peter had followed the young lady into the room; she hastily retreated to the window, and the Baronet in apparent amazement addressed his grandson.

'What means this language addressed to that lady, Sir; a lady you avowed when I wished you to address her, and now that she is lost to you for ever, you insult her by a declaration of your attachment.'

'Sir Peter,' said the spoiled child, springing from the sofa, 'if you were not my father's father, I'd——'

'Well, what would you do young man?'

'But you are!' cried Frederick, 'you are, and what avails expostulation,' and he sank again on the sofa choking with agitation.

'Pray young man,' said Sir Peter, 'control your emotions, and as to rage, don't give way to it—were you to kill me, you could not marry my widow.'

'Not marry her—could not, were she free!' cried Frederick, as the utter hopelessness of of the case flashed upon him.

'No, my dear boy, no, not even if she were free.'

'I would!' shouted the youth.

'Impossible! If I were in my grave, you could not.'

'I could! I would! I will!' cried Frederick.

'What marry your grandmother!'

'Yes!' said Fairleigh, clenching his fists, and almost foaming at the mouth, 'yes, I repeat it, yes!'

It was impossible to hold out any longer. Sir Peter and Maria burst into immoderate laughter, which only increased the agitation of the sufferer, until Sir Peter wiping his eyes, said,

'Go to her boy, go to her; my plan has answered, as I thought it would, and you will be a happy fellow in spite of your folly.'

Maria earnestly impressed upon her lover's mind that she had most reluctantly yielded to the persuasions of her guardian; in suffering this little drama to be got up for his edification; and Frederick having experienced the anguish which he would have endured had he really lost Maria, proved by his steady devotion of the strength of his attachment. 'Beach Cottage' was retained as the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Fairleigh during the honey-moon, and Sir Peter danced at their wedding.

From the New-York Mirror.

Affection Strong as Death.

BY JOHN INMAN.

It has been said that the love of man 'is of man's life a thing apart'—that it never exists pure, fervent, undiminished, through the changes of time and circumstance, but either subsides and tempers down into a calm feeling of mingled esteem, gratitude and habit, in happy marriages, yields to indifference or absolute aversion in others or less felicitous destiny, or, if not eventuating in marriage, gives place, in time, to another emotion—that of friendship—which, however warm and kindly, is not less distinct from love than it is from pity, admiration, joy, or any other sentiment of which the human soul is capable. The assertion is not true; although it is not denied that evidences of its untruth are sufficiently rare to give much counte-

nance and show of right to its maintainers. One little history has fallen within my own knowledge, which exhibits a beautiful illustration of love—man's love—that faded not and faltered not, through a life of trial such as might well have excused its change, if it had changed. I will relate it, with as close adherence to the strictest line of actual occurrence as my memory enables me to give; for several years have elapsed since I became acquainted with the parties and the events that made up the story of their life; and it may be that circumstances of minor importance in the tale have passed from my recollection, although its principal features are not to be forgotten.

About forty years ago a marriage engagement subsisted between a gentleman, for whose real name I will substitute that of Lewis and a young lady of C——, in England. Mr. Lewis held an office under the government, which yielded him an income of some four or five hundred pounds; his betrothed was the daughter of a respectable tradesman, whose business enabled him to support his family in comfort, but had not given him the means to make any other than a very slender provision for his children after his decease. His family consisted of a wife and two daughters, the elder of whom, then about nineteen, was the betrothed of Mr. Lewis. They had known each other almost from infancy, and the attachment subsisting between them had grown up with themselves—gradually assuming its form and quality, as it were, in continuation and development of the childish preference they had manifested for each other, long before they knew that it was a peculiar feeling.

The day for their marriage was appointed—was near at hand. The banns had been published and the dresses made; and another week would have merged the name of Caroline R. in that of Mrs. Lewis, when the misfortune fell upon her which condemned her to a life, not of single blessedness, but of single pain and helplessness and sorrow—but which also gave room and opportunity for an exhibition of true-hearted love, generosity and nobleness of spirit, such as is not often made for the exaltation of man's nature.

A few days previous to that appointed for the wedding, it was arranged among several ladies and gentleman of the place, that an afternoon should be devoted to the enjoyment of a pic-nic; that is to say, a dinner, or rather, collation in the open air, at some pleasant spot remote enough to ensure the gaining of an appetite by the walk. It may be here observed, by the way-side, as it were, that such excursions are a favorite enjoyment with English women in the country, and harmonize well with their habits of exercise and indifference to fatigue, and what would be

called by our too delicate ladies, severity of weather. It would be well if pic-nics were more in fashion among us. Mr. Lewis and Miss R. were of the party, and enjoyed it probably, with a keener relish than any of their companions. But their pleasure was soon to cost them very dear.

In the evening, after their return home, Miss R. complained of feeling chilly and uncomfortable—went early to rest—and in the morning was found by her betrothed, when he called to inquire of her health, suffering terribly from a most violent attack of the rheumatism. This was attributed to dampness in the grass upon which she had seated the day before, and probably with truth, although I do not remember hearing that any others of the party were affected in like manner.

It is not necessary that I should describe the progress of her ailment; it is enough to say, that after months of dreadful suffering, and a whole round of medical experiments by eminent physicians, she remained a helpless, hopeless cripple; her limbs paralyzed and contracted, and her frame so enfeebled that she was not able to sit upright, and was assured that never again might she hope to rise from her bed by her own powers. Moreover, the violent, even desperate, remedies to which resort had been made, had dreadfully impaired her constitution, and continual illness was added to the misfortune of decrepitude. She became subject to a species of catalepsy, falling into frequent trances, as they were called by her friends, in which she lost all consciousness, and, but for a faint pulsation, might have passed for one in whom life was extinct forever. These trances, or cataleptic returns, were observed to be almost inevitably occasioned by the least excitement or surprise; even the sudden and loud closing of a door was sufficient to bring them on. Thus at the age of about twenty, this young lady found herself cast down, in a moment, it might be said, from the enjoyment of health, affection, hope and the brightest prospects of futurity, and left a bed-ridden, helpless and suffering wreck, to whom the kindest wish that could be given was a speedy rescue from her trials.

The conduct of Mr. Lewis through this prostration of his own hopes and those of his betrothed, was in the highest degree tender and noble. As much of his time as he could spare from his official duties was employed in attendance upon the unfortunate being whom he had chosen for his wife—in the performance of every kindness that affection could suggest to alleviate her sufferings or sustain her fortitude—and when the melancholy truth was at length declared, that her case was beyond the reach of medicine, he vowed to himself that henceforth his life

should be dedicated to her service; and well did he perform that vow.

So long as her father lived Mr. Lewis could only bestow upon her the attentions of a lover; but in the course of a few years her sister and herself were left parentless and poor; for, as I have said, Mr. R. had but little beyond the profits of his business, and even that little was almost consumed in the expenses of his daughter's protracted illness. Then it was that the generous devotion of Mr. Lewis had full scope. The dying anxieties of Mr. R. were relieved by a voluntary and solemn pledge from him who should have been his daughter's husband, that he would be to the friendless girls a friend and brother so long as he should live; and the pledge was redeemed. By the will of Mr. R. his whole property was entrusted to Mr. Lewis, for the use of the daughters; and, by prudent management, it was hoped that an income might be derived from it sufficient to keep them above actual want, although it could afford none of the luxuries, and scarcely even the conveniences of life. Mr. Lewis resolved that it should be augmented by the addition of his entire salary, reserving only what should be indispensable for his own maintenance, in the simplest style consistent with the requisitions of his office.

Immediately upon the death of Mr. R. he provided a small, but neat and convenient residence for his wards, in a village distant three or four miles from C——, where they dwelt for ten years in great comfort, as regarded the external appliances of enjoyment, although there was no improvement in the health of the unfortunate lady. On the contrary, her weakness gradually increased, and with it, her susceptibility to the cataleptic attacks, which formed so remarkable a feature in her affliction. It was only by the most rigid quiet and freedom from even the slightest causes of nervous excitement, that their recurrence was prevented. During these ten years Mr. Lewis never suffered himself to be prevented by any thing but illness from visiting them every evening, at the close of his duties; he appropriated to their support nearly two-thirds of his salary, and practiced in his own living the most rigid economy, appropriating all that he could save from the remaining third, to the expense of providing the only luxury it was in Miss R.'s power to enjoy—the luxury of books. He was more than once offered a promotion, as by length of service he became entitled to the more lucrative employments of the department in which he was engaged; and when the promotion did not require a change of residence, it was, of course, gladly accepted; but it was declared by physicians whom he consulted, that Miss R. could not sustain the excitement of another removal, and to every

offer that involved his own departure from C—, however tempting it might be in its increase of salary, he returned a firm denial—much to the surprise of his official superiors, as may well be imagined.

Opportunities of a different nature were not wanting, but they were equally disregarded. Mr. Lewis was a handsome man and his devotion to the afflicted Miss R. did not fail to invest him to the ladies of C. with a strong interest; they reasoned, perhaps, that so true a lover could not but make an admirable husband, and it was intimated to him, more than once, by friends who pretended to much discernment, that an offer of his hand would not be rejected by damsels, who would bring to him not beauty and love alone, but handsome fortunes also. If such were the case—and it is by no means improbable—the affection and fidelity of Mr. Lewis are presented in a yet stronger light, for desirable as fortune was to him, and fitted, as he was to appreciate the joys of married life, he never swerved for one moment from the path that he had marked out; he had taken upon himself the office of comforter to one most cruelly afflicted, and nothing should turn him from its fulfilment.

Thus ten years passed away, when circumstances of which I do not recollect the nature, compelled the removal of the sisters from the cottage in which they had resided since their father's death. This removal was a fearful undertaking of difficulty and danger to the bedridden Miss R. Her limbs had become totally contracted, and with every year she became more and more liable to those dreadful attacks of syncope; and it was apprehended that even the gentlest means of transportation would be fatal to one in whom life hung suspended on so mere a thread, and who had not, for ten years, experienced any other movement than that required for the daily arrangement of her couch. Nevertheless, it was necessary and must be undertaken.

Here again the zeal and affection of Mr. Lewis were called into successful action. He invented a machine, or rather apparatus, by which it was hoped she might be removed in safety, as she, confiding in his love and care, did not hesitate to encounter the pain and danger that must be undergone. Nor was her trust misplaced; the journey of some ten or fifteen miles was happily accomplished, not indeed without pain, but without any serious aggravation of her habitual sufferings, and better still, without the dreaded 'trance,' and soon they were comfortably established in their new habitation.

Here they remained, the long-afflicted cripple and her sister, for nearly twenty years; for aught I know to the contrary, they may be living still, although it is more

probable that in ten years that have elapsed since I was in that part of England, death has given his not unwelcome summons to the heroine of this simple narrative. During those twenty years, the conduct of Mr. Lewis was the same that it had been through the preceding ten; he was still the friend, comforter and benefactor of the sisters, and still denied himself almost every gratification save that which came reflected back from them. When I saw him, he was an elderly man, of a pleasant though serious aspect; universally respected for his upright deportment in all the relations of society, but above all for his noble fidelity to the afflicted woman from whom he had expected happiness, but whom it had been his life's employment to shield from want, and from aggravation of her suffering and sorrow. A striking exemplification of this was given by the church-wardens of the parish in which Miss R. and her sister lived. It has been already said that the susceptibility of the invalid to those cataleptic paroxysms, increased as she advanced in years: it was at last found that they were brought on even by distant noises, such as thunder, and the ringing of bells; and it is a fact, that at the simple request of Mr. Lewis, so anxious were all to do him kindness, the bell of the parish church had not been rung for nearly eleven years, when I was in the neighborhood and became acquainted with his history.

This was, indeed, 'affection strong as death.'

TRAVELING SKETCHES.

From Latrobe's Travels.

Women of the United States.

FOREIGNERS have affirmed that the women of the United States were of a superior race to the men, both in person, style of thought, and expression—I do not know if brother Jonathan would be gallant enough to smile at a sober compliment paid at his own expense to his wife or sister; but it is, I believe nevertheless true. There is a great charm about the females of good education; and they are justly celebrated for the solidity of those qualities which render them good wives and mothers, as well as such as catch the attention and command the respect of the stranger. Alas! that so many of the fair flowers of the West, may be compared to the beautiful ephemera of their country, which are born and glitter for a day, dying, as it might seem, before their time; sinking to the grave just as life reaches its season of greatest enjoyment. The number of lovely girls that gather together and crowd the gay winter saloons, or deck the summer fetes, is no less surprising than the proportion that die before their prime, whether from the effects of a

climate subject to the most sudden extremes, or an inappropriate style of dress, or both combined, it is difficult to determine. Again it has been said, and repeated, that the females are not respected as they ought to be in the United States. This, I believe, is founded in error. Still, I should be willing to allow that they are not appreciated as they should be, so far as their influence on society is not as much felt as it ought to be. It is contended that female education is as carefully tended in America as in Europe; if so they are hardly allowed to make the same use of it, as, from the time that either a lady marries or is supposed to be past the age of marriage, which is tolerably early, she either vanishes altogether from the circle of society, or is thrown into the back ground. 'Well,' ye may say, 'I suppose the mother is better at home caring for her children.' No—her children are launched out inconceivably early into the world, and if she will be with them she must follow them. And here I may mention one broad line of distinction between European and American society. In the former the prevailing tone is taken from the middle aged ladies, out of their teens, with mature judgment and that grace and polish which added years give, though they may impair beauty, and subdue sprightliness, give the tone of society. But in America—the paradise of youth unshackled by those forms and precautions which the corruptions of European society render indispensable, the land of confidence in the young—the tone of social assemblages is almost altogether under the control of the young. The married and unmarried look on and listen, but they hardly partake—far less dictate; and one thing which immediately indicates a foreigner is, that he pays attention to them.

I have been really astonished to see how the belle of last spring, then followed by all—sparkling like the fire-fly flitting over her hair—whose form was in every eye—whose words sounded sweet in every one's ear, would the next season be handed quietly into her seat among the sedative ladies of the back row, and hardly have occasion to open her lips during a whole evening's entertainment. It is true, she had married in the interval—yet there she was with a mind more matured, with beauty unimpaired, and added interest. Delighted as the buoyant scene of youthful gayety, enjoyment and excitement is, all but the young become tired of bandinage after a while, and then there is nothing to supply its place.

The youth of both sexes are introduced into society too soon, and become too prominent on the theatre of life. The one sex starts up at once from children to puny men, and the other becomes surrounded at far too early an age with the cares of American fam-

ily life, which, owing to the difficulties in obtaining confidential, trust-worthy, and really attached servants, are unusually great. But no more of this—I am getting out of my province.

MISCELLANY.

Translated from the French for the Daily Times.

A Freak of Fortune.

BY BERTHOUD.

THERE is no one who does not know some work, or at least the name of Albert Durer, that admirable painter, of whom the Emperor Maximilian said, 'I can easily make a noble of a peasant, but I cannot change an ignorant into as skilful an artist as Albert Durer; I ought then to prize Albert Durer more than all the nobles of my court.' Besides, little as we are versed in the biography of celebrated artists, we know, even to its minutest detail, the agitated life of the German painter, and many have some anecdotes to relate upon the fretful disposition of his wife, and upon the continual bickerings with which she harassed the poor man. Avaricious, fretful, yielding herself up to the impetuosity of a capricious character, she was not disarmed by the lazy *bonhomie* of Durer, neither by his inexhaustible patience. In vain did he give himself up with unexampled assiduity, to the labors of his art, and every day produced one of those admirable engravings which are sought after so eagerly at the present day. She pursued him even into his study, and there, in the presence of his pupils, spared him neither, outcries, sarcasms or abuse.

She was in the habit of associating in her clamors the name of Samuel Duhobret, with the name of her husband.—Samuel Duhobret was one of the pupils of Durer, who through pity had admitted him into his study, notwithstanding his age and poverty. For Samuel could reckon forty years, and had no other resource for a living than that of painting signs, or the hangings of rooms, a sort of luxury much in vogue at that time in Germany. Small, hump-backed, ugly, and more than all stuttering so as not to be able to pronounce two syllables, you can easily understand that he found himself the sport of the other pupils of Durer, and that if any trick was played in the study, it was aimed constantly at Samuel. Buffeted by his comrades, tormented by Madame Durer, who could not forgive his being admitted gratis into the study, having for his repast only black bread whenever he had any at all, the poor fellow found no relaxation except on those days when he could escape into the country, and go to paint at his ease some one of the beautiful views so numerous in the environs of Nuremberg. Then he was no longer the same man. His countenance humble and chagrined, expanded and become

radiant, as a rose opens and becomes radiant in the sun. He ought to be seen seated upon the grass, his portefeuille upon his knee, endeavoring to seize some of those admirable effects of light which he particularly excelled in re-producing. After having passed the day in this manner, he returned to Nuremberg, and the next day avoided speaking in the study of his excursion and still more showing the sketches he had designed. Accustomed to be the object of un pitying raillery, he could not suppose that his works would excite other than contempt; so he resumed silently in the most neglected corner, the little place where he '*ebanchait*' the engravings of his master, fulfilling relatively to these works the functions, the *practiciens* to sculptors.

Excepting on those rare rural excursions just mentioned, Samuel arrived at the study at the point of the day, and remained there until night. Then he entered into his garret and re-produced upon canvass the views he had sketched in the country. In order to procure pencils and colors he imposed upon himself the most rude privations; he went even many times, says the German historian from whom we borrow these details, he went even to rob from his comrades some bags of colors and some pencils, so passionately he loved his art above every thing else.

Three years rolled away without Samuel having revealed to the world, his master or his comrades, the results of his nocturnal labors. How did he support himself? That is a secret between God and himself.

One day he fell sick; a violent fever seized upon his '*chetive*' person, and for nearly a week he lay upon his bed of straw without any one coming to sympathise in his sufferings. His head on fire, and feeling that he was going to perish, abandoned by every body, he took a desperate resolution; he arose, put under his arm the last picture he had painted and directed his steps towards the residence of a broker, in order to sell his work, no matter at what price. Fortune willed that he should pass before a house where a great many people were assembled.—He approached; it was an auction of objects of art, collected by a connoisseur, during thirty years unheard of pains, and according to custom, dispersed without pity, and sold after the death of the *savant*, who had passed his life in adorning his precious collection.

Samuel approached one of the appraisers, and obtained from him, not without difficulty, by force of importunity, and after many prayers, that the picture he carried under his arm should be put up at auction. The appraiser valued it at three *thalers*. Good! thought Duhobret, I am sure of having something to eat for a whole week, if I can only find a purchaser. The picture made the tour of the circle and passed from hand to hand,

whilst the monotonous voice of the auctioneer repeated, 'Three thalers!' who will give it? At three thalers! Nobody answered.

'Oh! my God! my God!' murmured the poor Samuel, my picture will not be sold! what will become of me? And yet it is my best painting; I have never done better; the air circulates through the foliage of my trees, and they would say that the leaves move, tremble and murmur. The water appears limpid; it is the Pregnite, beautiful, pure, fruitful and luminous. How much life in the animals that come to quench their thirst! And then at the bottom what an admirable view: the Abbey of Neubourg with its spire transparent as lace, its elegant structure which a village surrounds with a belt of houses! The Abbey of Neubourg, from which they have just driven the monks, and which I am much afraid will be soon demolished by its new proprietor; for alas! what will he do with an Abbey and a steeple, the honest Lutheran?

'At twenty five thalers!' murmured a feeble and husky voice, which made Samuel, almost stupefied, leap with joy.

He raised himself on tiptoe, and endeavored to see who it was that just pronounced those words, thrice blessed. Oh, surprise! it was the broker to whose house Samuel was going, when his good angel inspired him with the idea of stopping at the auction and exposing his picture there.

'At fifty thalers,' cried a ringing voice. Samuel would have willingly embraced the stout man clothed in black, who said that.

'At a hundred thalers—' coughed the croaking voice of the broker.

It was immediately drowned by these words, thundered forth with great eclat:

'At two hundred thalers!'

'At three hundred!'

'At four hundred!'

'At a thousand thalers!'

There was then a great silence among the persons present, who arranged themselves about the two rival bidders, who stepping forward into the circle, found themselves isolated there like two combatants. Samuel thought he was dreaming, and uttered some confused exclamations.

'At two thousand thalers—' said the broker with a dry and forced laugh.

'At ten thousand!' replied the stout man, his face purple with rage.

'Twenty thousand!' the broker pale with excitement, joined his hands, agitated by a convulsive movement.

The stout man, who was sweating and puffing, stammered forth rather than said: 'Forty thousand thalers!'

The broker hesitated. But a conquering and insolent look from his adversary made him murmur 'Fifty thousand thalers.'

The silence soon became profound, for in his turn the stout man now hesitated.

During that time what had become of poor Samuel? He was striving with all his might to awake himself, for, said he, after such a dream my misery will appear to me more horrible, and my hunger more insupportable.

Eh! well, a hundred thousand thalers!

'A hundred and twenty-five thousand—

'THE ORIGINAL FOR THE COPY!—and may the he devil take, you, d——d broker.

The broker went out in a state to be pitied, and the stout man was carrying away victoriously the picture, when he saw advancing towards him Samuel Duhobret, hump-backed, lame and in rags. The stout man wished to get rid of what he thought a beggar, throwing by him a little money. But the hump-back said to him,

'When shall I enter into possession of my abbey, my castle and my grounds? for I am the painter of the picture!'

And he thought to himself, oh! the beautiful dream—the beautiful dream, why must the least noise awaken me immediately from it!

The stout man, one of the richest lords of Germany the count of Dunkelsbach, drew from his pocket a portefeuille, tore out a leaf from it and wrote some lines:

'There my good friend, there are the necessary orders to put you in possession of your property—adieu.'

Samuel came at length to persuade himself that he was not dreaming: He took possession of his castle—sold it, and was proposing to become an honest bourgeois, painting only for his own gratification, when he died of an indigestion.

His picture remained a long time in the gallery of the Count Dunkelsbach, and is now in the possession of the king of Bavaria.

American Generals.

WASHINGTON was a surveyor, and in after life a farmer. Knox was a bookbinder and stationer. Morgan, (he of the Cowpens) was a drover. Tarleton got from him a sound lecture on that subject. Green was a blacksmith, and withal, a Quaker, albeit through all his southern campaigns and particularly at the Eutaw Springs, he put off the outward man. Arnold—(I ask your pardon for naming him in such company)—was a grocer and provision store keeper in New Haven, where his sign is still to be seen; the same that decorated his shop before the revolution. Gates, who opened Burgoyne's eyes to the fact that he could not march through the United States with 5000 men, was a regular built soldier, but, after the revolution, a farmer. Warren, the martyr of Bunker Hill, was a physician, and hesitated not to present to his countrymen, a splendid example of the manner in which American

physicians should practice when called upon by their country. Marion, the old 'Fox,' of the South, was a cow boy. Sumpter, the 'fighting cock' of South Carolina, was a shepherd's boy.

Equality.

AFTER all that has been said about the advantages one man has over another, there still is a wonderful equality in human fortunes. If the rich have wealth, the poor have health; if the heiress has booty for her dower, the penniless have beauty for theirs; if one man has cash the other has credit; if one man boasts of his income the other can of his influence. No one is so miserable but that his neighbors want something he possesses: and no one is so mighty, but he wants another's aid. There is no fortune so good but that it may be reversed; and none so bad but that it may be bettered. The sun that arises in clouds may set in splendor; and that which rises in splendor may set in gloom.

INDIAN HONESTY.—An Indian being among his white neighbors, asked for a little tobacco to smoke, and one of them, having some loose in his pocket, gave him a handful. The day following, the Indian came back, inquiring for the donor, saying he had found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco; being told, that as it was given him he might as well keep it, he answered, pointing to his breast: 'I got a good man say, it is not mine, I must return it to the owner; the bad man say, why he gave it you, and it is your own now; the good man say, that's not right, the tobacco is yours, not the money: the bad man say, never mind, you got it, go buy some dram; the good man say, no, no, you must not do so; so I don't know what to do, and I think to go to sleep; but the good man and the bad keep talking all the night, and trouble me; and now I bring the money back I feel good.'

A LATE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.—After the fatal attack at Bunker's Hill in America, Earl Percy gave to the widow of every soldier in his regiment who fell in the battle, an immediate benefaction of seven dollars; he paid their passage home, and ordered five guineas to be given to each of them on their landing in Britain. His humanity to the sick and wounded, &c. and his generosity to their families during their long stay at Boston, were unparalleled. He had a large tent provided for every company at his own expense, to accommodate the women; and he made it a rule to receive no other servants into his family but soldiers or their wives. Though his regiment was distinguished for its admirable discipline, yet he never suffered his men to be struck; but won them to their du-

ty by generous treatment, by rewards, and by his own excellent example, requiring no service from the meanest sentinel which he was not ready to share with him, whether of hardship, fatigue, or danger.

WORD OF HONOR.—When Justice North, afterwards the Lord Keeper Goldforth, during one of his circuits visited the Duke of Bedford, at his princely seat at Badmington, the Lord Arthur, then a child about five years old, was very angry with the judge (he said) for hanging men. The judge replied, 'that if they were not hanged, they would kill and steal.' 'No,' said the little boy, 'you should make them promise upon their honor they would not do so, and then they would not.' How delicate must the noble principle have been in the breast of this infant noble; and how rich a soil wherein to plant and to cherish it.

TRUE HONESTY.—Some years ago, two aged men, near Marsholton, traded, or according to Virginia parlance, *swapped* horses, on this condition—that on that day week, the one who thought he had the best of the bargain, should pay to the other two bushels of wheat. The day came, and as luck would have it, they met about half way between their respective homes. 'Where art thou going?' said one. 'To thy house with the wheat,' answered the other. 'And whither art thou riding?' 'Truly,' replied the first, 'I was taking the wheat to thy house.' Each pleased with his bargain, had thought the wheat justly due to his neighbor, and was going to pay it.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

L. G. C. Woodstock, Vt. \$1.00; P. M. Scottsville, At. \$5.00; G. S. N. Kinderhook, N. Y. 1.00; J. C. Ghent, N. Y. \$1.00; G. V. V. Pleasant Plains, N. Y. \$2.00; W. A. D. Potsdam, N. Y. \$1.00; J. G. R. Castleton, N. Y. \$1.00; H. W. K. Ann Arbor, Mich. \$1.00; M. A. G. Lebanon, N. H. \$1.00; H. E. B. Bishopville, S. C. \$1.00.

MARRIED.

At St. George's Church, New-York, by the Rev. Dr. Milnor, Mr. P. F. Livingston, to Miss Sarah E. Bingham, all of that city.

At Hillsdale on the 25th ult. by the Rev. H. Spencer, Mr. David M. West, of Benton, Yates co. to Miss Sarah A. Goslin of the former place.

At Claverack, on the 29th ult. by Ambrose Root, Esq. Mr. Eli Bise to Miss Eve Maria Plass, both of Taghkanick.

In Canaan, on the 31st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Tracy, Mr. Charles Lovejoy, to Miss Tryphina, daughter of Eleazer Cady, Esq.

On the same evening, Mr. Nelson Tanner of New-Lebanon, to Miss Prudence, daughter of Ebenezer Cady, Esq. of Canaan.

DIED.

In this city, on the 24th ult. Louisa Brown, in the 62d year of her age.

On the 26th ult. Sarah Snyder, in her 24th year, from Columbiaville.

On the 27th ult. Hepsabeth Barnard, in her 82d year.

On the 23d ult. Mr. Thomas Clark, in his 46th year.

On the 5th inst. Mrs. Susan Heath, in her 43d year.

On Wednesday, the 1st inst. of pulmonary consumption, at the house of her son, Aaron Gilbert, in New-Lebanon, Mrs. Thankful Gilbert, in the 66th year of her age, late of Athens, N. Y.

At Middletown, Ct. Mr. Edward Hulbert, aged 60 years, formerly of this city.

At Manchester, Virginia, on Wednesday the 18th ult. Captain Uriah Jenkins, commander of the steamboat Potomac; brother of Gardner and James Jenkins, of this city, in the 53d year of his age.



SELECT POETRY.

Washington's Birth Day.

BY C. F. AMES.

In ancient Greece, where'er a Hero rose,
And bid defiance to his country's foes—
Who, mounted high on proud Bellona's car,
Led her armed legions to victorious war,
A grateful people costly temples raise
To tell his triumphs and to speak his praise—
Mausoleums, statues, rise on every hand
To publish wide his glories through the land;
Proud wreaths bedeck the conqueror's ruddy brow,
And millions subject to his thralldom, bow!
His chariot wheels are stained with human blood,
And servile minions make the man a God!!

We have a prouder, better task to-day—
We meet the heart's best tribute here to pay;
To yield our homage to exalted worth,
And mark our Country's Father's honored birth!
'Tis for no Cæsar, who, with Tyrant-hand,
Stretched the first scepter o'er his native land;
'Tis not above proud Alexander's grave,
Who died a monarch, but who lived a slave!
'Tis not for him, who, red with human gore,
Died a lone exile on a desert shore!
Cæsars and Alexanders you may find
In every wretch who scourges human kind,
Napoleons, too, in every rebel school
Where'er the sword usurps the civil rule,
But in the tide of Time there is but one—
One noble, great and glorious Washington!

Throughout the world to Earth's remotest bounds,
Dear to each freeman's heart, his name resounds;
It is the watch-word and the battle-cry
Where'er the flag of Freedom meets the eye;
The struggling Spaniards and the exiled Poles,
Alike have graven his virtues on their souls;
Alike his name a sacred influence yields
In Gallia's vineyards and in Britain's fields!
Alike we see it acting as a spell
In Emmet's isle, and in the land of Tell!
He needs no sculptured marble to proclaim
The deathless honors of his glorious name;
He needs no pyramid or costly pile,
His name from dark oblivion to beguile;
While proud Columbia stands as great and free,
Our glorious UNION shall his TEMPLE be!
His precepts shall their influence impart
His throne be fixed in ev'ry FREEMAN'S heart!

The Departed.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise—the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre.—BRYANT.

And shrink ye from the way
To the spirit's distant shore?—
Earth's mightiest men, in armed array,
Are thither gone before.
The warrior kings, whose banner
Flew far as eagles fly,
They are gone where swords avail them not,
From the feast of victory.

And the seers who sat of yore
By orient palm or wave,
They have passed with all their starry lore—
Can ye still fear the grave?

We fear! we fear!—the sunshine
Is joyous to behold,
And we reck not of the buried kings,
Nor the awful seers of old.

Ye shrink!—the bards whose lays
Have made your deep hearts burn,
They have left the sun, and the voice of praise,
For the land whence none return.

And the beautiful, whose record
Is the verse that cannot die,
They too are gone, with their glorious bloom,
From the love of human eye.

Would ye not join that throng
Of the earth's departed flowers,
And the masters of the mighty song
In their far and fadeless bowers?

Those songs are high and holy,
But they vanquish not our fear;
Not from our path those flowers are gone—
We fain would linger here!

Linger then yet awhile,
As the last leaves on the bough!—
Ye have loved the light of many a smile,
That is taken from you now.

There have been sweet singing voices
In your walks that now are still,
There are seats left void in your earthly homes,
Which none again may fill.

Soft eyes are seen no more,
That made spring-time in your heart;
Kindred and friends are gone before—
And ye still fear to part?

We fear not now, we fear not!
Though the way thro' darkness bends;
Our souls are strong to follow them,
Our own familiar friends!

From the Tioga Phoenix.

A Fragment.

BY MRS. SCOTT.

And she was seen no more. The low-roofed church,
Half hid by branching Elms and Locusts green,
Did echo'er again the buoyant tread
Of that young fairy creature—and the voice
That erst did kindle in each wondering heart,
A deep and burning fervor had gone out
From the pale sorrowing choir, even as doth
The song of a crushed bird, or the sweet tone
Of a torn harp-string touched by careless hands;
And she was seen no more.

What was her fate?

There is a mound beside that low-roofed church,
Unmarked by sculptured stone, but whose young grass
Is softer, greener, sunnier than the rest
Of the broad marbled yard, and there's a flower
Amid those velvet turfs, one frail white flower,
As pure and delicate as are the wreaths
Quivering upon the Andes' wintry heights,
Yet not more pure than was the heart who sleeps
Beneath its tearful gaze.

What was her fate?

They said the night dews touched her fragile form,
And she bowed down in silence like the rose,
Upon her grassy bed when evening's pearls
Cling to its tender petals—and as if
Death were too harsh a word, they said she slept,
And that they made her grave upon the spot
Which she herself desired.

They told not all—

She died as thousands die—could we but read
The heart's unwritten history, because
Earth can no longer minister unto
The wants of one untainted by its thoughts—
And she went back to heaven to taste the fruits
Which do not turn to ashes on the lip.

Towanda Pa. 1836.

Partings.

BY MRS. AEDY.

PARTINGS—Oh! who hath not felt their power?
Who hath not mourned o'er the parting hour?
Quickly we cherish affection's ties
For minds of congenial sympathies;
But our lots may in varied scenes be cast,
Our brief communion too soon is past,
And we sigh while the rushing tear-drops start,
'Alas! we have only met to part!

Partings there are of more bitter ruth,
When we breathe farewell to the friends of youth;
They are linked with thoughts of our happiest hours,
Of birds and sunshine, of trees and flowers;
They were sharers in all the joy and mirth
Of the social board and the festive hearth.
Oh! little the world can glad the heart
Condemned from an early friend to part.

Yet are there partings more sad, more drear,
When the awful summons of death is near,
When we stand the couch of a sufferer by,
And gaze on the dim and languid eye,
Watch the last hues on the fading cheek,
Hear the last accents subdued and weak,
Then yield our loved one to Death's cold dart,
And feel that with more than life we part.

Partings! O is not their trial given
To lift the spirit from earth to heaven?
We might deem this world a place of rest,
Surrounded by all we love the best;
But when we the loss of friends deplore,
May our thoughts be turned to that blessed shore,
Where heart shall spring to its kindred heart,
And meet in glory—no more to part!

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